Perfect Strangers

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Perfect Strangers

by DrottenDrottzen

Summary

“Well.” Michael puts his glass down on his coaster. Taps the hobnailed glass with his fingertips, once, twice. Then, as casually as he’s said anything else that evening, “I had a really shitty day at work and I was hoping to work that frustration out by fucking some stranger.”

“I’m a stranger.” Dennis hears himself say.

OR:
Dennis goes to a gay bar for the first time. He meets a handsome stranger called Michael. Smut ensues. Definitely no consequences will follow.

Notes

The Pitt is the absolute best series I have ever watched and that was even before TikTok showed me an edit of this pairing and I got totally obsessed with them. It is a great honor to contribute to the fandom.

This fanfic was meant to be max 4k words. You can see where it ended up. Like I said - obsessed.

There may be a series in the works to follow up this oneshot. Lemme know if you'd like to see more!

Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Dennis Whitaker's first time in a gay bar starts off very uneventful.

He'd expected leather and pounding bass and half naked bodies grinding against each other.

Anticlimatically, it turns out 'The Pitt Stop' is just…a regular bar.

The place doesn't even have a bouncer. The anxious part of his brain had dreamed up a scenario where someone would stop him and make him verify his gayness before he would be allowed inside. But, no. All he has to do is climb two steps, open a stained glass door and he's inside. The bar is small, sure, but not grimy or filled with stale air. It's dimly lit, in a cozy, welcoming sort of way and vaguely smells like pine. It's pretty crowded, but not claustrophobic and everyone seems to be wearing normal clothes; Dennis' t-shirt, jeans and flannel blend in perfectly. The only thing setting the place apart from any regular old bar is the fact that anyone holding hands or sitting conspicuously close is of the same gender.

Dennis' shoulders, hitched high from the cold outside and anxiety both, slowly relax. He navigates his way through the crowd to an empty barstool - almost slipping right off of it because of the smooth nylon cover but he thankfully catches himself just in time to avoid an embarrassing spill. The lone bartender turns to him, smiling politely.

"What can I get you?"

"Uh." Dennis frantically eyes the shelves and the many chalkboards listing drink prices. Only one thing is within his meagre budget and he does his best not to cringe. "A Bud Light, please."

The bottle is placed down on a coaster and Dennis forks over a crumpled five dollar bill, leaving a measly quarter as a tip. The bartender squints a bit, but doesn't comment as he moves along to the next patron. Dennis takes a swig of the beer and does his best not to pull a face at the barley taste that lingers bittersweet on his tongue.

Still. As mediocre as it is, it's his very first drink at his very first gay bar. A mix of pride and Evangelical guilt squirms in Dennis' belly. Not unpleasant. Not entirely PLEASANT either, sure, but…good. Like something falling into place. Something he needed adjusted without realising it consciously.

Riding the feeling, Dennis smiles and glances around the bar more properly. Aiming to just soak up the ambiance. His gaze pauses,

though, on a man seated at the short end of the bar.

A handsome older man, late forties, maybe older. A bearded face with some grey in it, dark hair and dark eyes. He's got reading glasses on and is checking something on his phone. He looks up just as Dennis' gaze finds him. Their eyes meet and there is a low, swooping sensation Dennis can feel from the top of his head to the balls of his feet.

The man shoots him a friendly smile and a nod, just a polite acknowledgement, before looking back to his phone.

The brief interaction has Dennis' chest feeling a little warm and he looks back to his beer. There's no urge to go over or anything, just… it's sort of nice. To be seen, in a place full of people. It's not something he's used to.

About twenty minutes later Dennis finishes his beer and decides it is time to leave. He's gotten what he wanted out of the experience - being able to say 'yes, I have been to a gay bar' if someone were to ask. It's oddly affirming, somehow more so than the very few casual hook ups he has had. He gives the bartender a nod, shrugs his jacket back on and slides off the stool to slink towards the exit.

It is then that his first time in a gay bar turns from uneventful to a trainwreck in the span of two seconds.

A hand lands on his waist and Dennis yelps as he finds himself dragged front to front against someone. A closer inspection tells him it is a man, an inch or so taller than him with a haircut somewhere between a failed mohawk and a grown out crew cut.

"Where you going in such a rush, Bambi?" The guy slurs. Their faces are far too close for Dennis' liking. He winces at the smell of acrid cigarettes and some minty liquor on his breath.

"Just leaving." Dennis gives a tight smile and tries to extricate himself from the embrace, but the grip on his waist tightens.

"Want company?" The sultry tone makes it very obvious what sort of company the man has in mind and Dennis quickly shakes his head.

"Not - Not interested, sorry." He tries, once again, to pull free.

There is an irritated flash in the man's eyes and that is the only warning Dennis gets before he's grabbed by the collar and yanked

further into his space - in a much less flirty way and in a much more ‘punch you in the face’ sort of way. Dennis knows this song and dance from way back in middle school. “What? You think you’re too good for me or something, huh?”

“No, no,” Dennis tries to deescalate - shrinks into himself as much as he can, avoids eye contact and lifts his hands to shoulder height with palms out, “It’s not anything personal, I - I have a really early morning and I just need to-”

“Hey.” A voice cuts through Dennis’ panicked little monologue - not a shout, firm and commanding, the type of voice used to being followed. It cuts through the dhin and the ambient conversations halt around them. He quickly looks towards it, in perfect sync with the guy still holding him by the collar.

It’s the stranger at the end of the bar. He’s not looking nearly as friendly now with his eyes narrowed at Dennis’ assailant. “Let him go, man.”

“Or what, grandpa?” Bad mohawk-guy snarls, tightens the grip on Dennis’ shirt enough that it starts cutting into his neck.

The man sighs. He takes off his glasses and tucks them into the front pocket of his shirt. Then, he stands and-

Oh, shit.

The man is *big.* Not in the way the body builders are, though the tone in his forearms is impressive. He’s got broad shoulders, a torso built like a barrel and he is tall, probably over six feet. He towers over them both. But there is something else too, something intangible - a presence to him that makes him seem larger than his body. His hands rest casually on his hips - fingers clenching into his cargos with obvious restraint.

“Guess you’ll find out if you stick around.” He says - voice low and casual. “How about it?”

Bad mohawk- guy gives him a once over. Swallows, hard. Then, he shoves Dennis away from himself and steps back. “Whatever. Twink’s not worth it.”

“Mm-hm.” The man gives a derisive little hum, craning his neck as he watches him slink away through the crowd. He doesn’t break the heavy stare until after the door closes with a ‘thunk’. Then, he looks at

Dennis and his face softens. “You okay?”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m - I’m all good.” Dennis quickly nods, shakily straightening his t-shirt where it got all wrinkled from the grabbing. “Thanks.”

He gives a half shrug, “Don’t mention it.”

With a smile that feels more than a little forced, Dennis turns to leave. Before he can take more than one step, though, a gentle, warm hand clasps onto his shoulder. Hesitantly, Dennis turns his head and looks up into those dark eyes - this close, he can tell that they are a very attractive shade of brown.

The man jerks his head towards the bar. “Sit down, have another drink.”

It’s like deja vu, but not quite - for one, Dennis has no urge to pull free or escape. Still, he stammers, “Oh no, like I said, I - I was just heading out.”

“I heard. But you should stick around for a while, just in case that guy is waiting outside for you.”

Dennis’ eyes widen. “You think he’d do that?”

“Insecure guy with a bruised ego? You can never be too safe. Give him a moment to cool off and walk away.”

That…actually makes a lot of sense. And he can’t deny he is feeling a tiny bit jittery from the lingering rush of adrenaline and could probably do with a sit down until it passes. So Dennis sighs and takes a seat on the slippery barstool on the man’s right.

The stranger holds out his hand. The skin around his eyes crinkles attractively when he smiles. “I’m Michael.”

“Dennis.” He clasps his hand and shakes it. It is calloused and warm and *huge,* swallowing up his own. *Holy shit.*

“What're you having?” Michael asks as he pulls his hand back, raising it to catch the bartenders attention. The lone five dollar bill left in his wallet, meant to go to some ramen and a pack of instant coffee feels heavy in Dennis’ pocket. He really ought to save it, but the bartender is looking at him expectantly and the social contract is hard to break.

“Another beer, thanks." Dennis says dejectedly, reaching into his jeans.

Michael quirks a brow at him. “Didn’t look like you enjoyed the last one.”

He hadn’t realised the guy watched him that closely.

“It's cheap.” Dennis shrugs. “It’ll do.”

“Ah. You a student?”

“Yeah, um…sort of, I guess.”

Michael clicks his tongue, then shakes his head. “Order something you like. I'll pay.”

“Oh, no, I couldn’t-” Dennis starts, the cool cloying discomfort of being offered a handout crawling up his throat, the same awkward feeling he’s gotten the few times he’s swallowed his pride and snuck into a soup kitchen the last few months.

“Consider it an investment for the future.” Michael laughs, barely more than a sharp, amused exhale. He’s already got his card out - an American Express held between his fingers.

Dennis hesitates for one moment more, then finally looks to the expectant bartender. “An apple martini, please.”

“Another bourbon, neat.”

The speed with which the bartender gets their order ready tells Dennis that Michael must be an excellent tipper.

“So.” Michael says after a quick sip of his drink, “What brought you in here tonight, Dennis?”

"Curiosity?" When Michael just looks at him, brows raised, he presses on, fingers restlessly stroking the stem of his cocktail glass, “I, uh…I’m from Broken Bow, Nebraska. Not a lot of gay bars in the middle of rural America, so I never got the chance to…well, go to a place where being like me was okay? And then I had the day off today and thought…I should check it out. Find community or whatever.” He shrugs, turns to give Michael a quick, wry smile. “Didn’t exactly go to plan..”

“Give it a couple more shots. I hear the lucky number is three.”

Michael suggests with a half smile and Dennis lets out a nervous laugh and lifts his glass for a quick toast.

“Here’s hoping the second time goes better than the first at least.”

They both drink and fall into a brief, companionable silence. Dennis steals a glance over the taller man’s throat as he swallows. “...and you?”

“Hm?”

“Why did you come here tonight?”

“Well.” Michael puts his glass down on his coaster. Taps the hobnailed glass with his fingertips, once, twice. Then, as casually as he’s said anything else that evening he says, “I had a really shitty day at work and I was hoping to work that frustration out by fucking some stranger.”

Dennis manages not to choke on his drink, but it is a near thing. He snaps his head to look at Michael in a way that must be comical, judging by the amused crease around the older man’s eyes returning with a vengeance. For a moment, all he can do is open and close his mouth like a fish on land.

Then, Dennis hears himself say, “I’m a stranger.”

It’s not what he meant to say. He’d *meant* to laugh awkwardly and say something along the lines of ‘Well good luck with that’. Even so, he doesn’t take it back.

It’s immediately clear it was the wrong thing to say. The amusement in those dark eyes evaporates as Michael gives him a hard look. “I-. How old are you, Dennis?”

“Twenty six.”

“Fuck me.” Michael mutters, rubbing his hand over his jaw. They are so close (or maybe he is just hyperfocused) that Dennis can hear the rasp of his beard against his palm. “You’re practically a fetus.”

Oddly offended, Dennis retorts, “My prefrontal cortex is fully developed. I'm an adult.”

“Compared to me, I mean.” Frustration is coming off of the older man in waves. Dennis ought to back off, but - maybe it’s an old habit from

arguing with his brothers - he sticks to his guns and leans into it.

“Well, how old are *you*?”

Michael’s eyes narrow and he sets his glass down hard against the bar, leaning across it and right into Dennis’ personal space. “Let me ask *you* a question - how old is your dad?”

Dennis feels the back of his neck prickle. “Fifty seven.”

Michael raises his eyes skyward for a second, then lowers them back to Dennis’. “I’m younger than your dad, but not by a lot. I’ll leave it at that, and you should too.”

“You don’t look old.” Dennis hears himself say, then flounders under the heavy stare Michael levels his way. “I mean, you’re attractive! Is what I was - anyway, just - does it have to matter? Age or whatever? You said you wanted a stranger, so - if I want to and you want to, can’t that just be enough?”

Dennis isn’t quite sure where he gets the nerve to keep pushing. His previous sexual experiences add up to one singular blowjob and five awkward handjobs. He has no business propositioning older men with probably heaps of experience. Maybe it’s the fact that there’s no real drawback to shooting his shot - Pittsburgh is huge and it’s unlikely he’ll run into Michael ever again. Or maybe it is the fact that Michael is so fucking attractive it’s making his chest hurt and he’ll spend the rest of his life cringing with regret if he doesn’t try. Either way, he said what he said and now he’ll have to see where it gets him.

The air is charged. The silence hangs between them as Michael’s eyes bear down on his. Dennis does his best not to shift under his appraisal, maintaining eye contact like he has something to prove (because he does). It’s Michael who breaks it, but not to look away. No, he drags it down Dennis’ body. Shoulders, chest, *lower* and then snaps back to his eyes and seems to make a decision.

Michael grabs his glass and tosses the bourbon back with a decisive jerk of his neck. Shakes his head, hard. Dennis feels his stomach drop and he braces for the rejection.

Instead, he hears Michael say, “Finish your drink and let’s get going.”

Wide eyed, Dennis does as he’s told and before he knows it, they are walking out of the bar together. Michael’s hand rests low on his back, hot enough to burn through his (admittedly) very threadbare jacket.

“You’re a bad man, Robby!” Someone calls from a corner booth. Michael doesn’t look back - just raises a hand in parting.

“Robby?” Dennis questions as they step outside. The cold fall air nips at his nose. He prays to God it won’t start dripping, then quickly stops - God has bigger things to worry about, surely, than him getting an unattractive runny nose. Not to mention he doesn’t really want the Big Guy too closely examining what is about to happen in the next hour or so.

“Just a nickname.”

“Do you…want me to call you that instead?”

“Michael is fine.” The man that somehow got the nickname Robby out of Michael shakes his head.

“Okay. I like Michael, so, that’s-” Dennis trails off as he is suddenly steered into a nearby alley and up against a wall. The chill of the bricks stand out in sharp contrast to Michael’s warm hand on his hip and the side of his face. Blocking him in, all shadowed, the barest hint of a streetlamp illuminating the left side of his face. This close, Dennis really has to tilt his head back to maintain eye contact. “-...good.” He finishes his train of thought in a quiet mumble - he isn’t even sure Michael hears it.

“...before we get ahead of ourselves, let’s check our chemistry, hm?” Michael’s voice is low, barely above a rumble. Dennis is hanging on to every word.

“Uh, yeah, let’s..yeah.” He manages. Flicks his gaze down to that bearded jaw, the handsome line of his mouth. Then, as it gets closer, he lets his eyes close and waits, breath hitched high in his throat.

That first, slightly dry brush of lips against his own nearly has his knees buckling. Dennis’ hands quickly find Michael’s chest and one of his arms to steady himself on. The kiss starts off gentle, but sends intense heat and a twinge of electricity down his spine. It’s slow and measured, nothing like the too wet, too quick kisses he’s experienced before - kisses that feel like something to get out of the way to get to the main event. This *is* the main event. Michael takes his time in feeling out the shape of his lips against his own, as if he’s memorizing every detail. A quiet moan presses up through Dennis’ throat and he exhales it through his nose.

The kiss immediately goes from a careful exploration into something Dennis can only describe as *lustful.* Michael's hand clenches into his hip and he takes a half step closer, mingling the heat of their bodies together. It's still close-mouthed, yet it's rapidly becoming the most sensual thing Dennis has ever experienced because there is an unspoken *need* being pushed into it. A thick thigh bullies its way between his own and he lets out a noise that - that was most definitely a whimper and he would be embarrassed if he wasn't too busy grinding his hips forward into the offered surface and scrambling to drag Michael closer by the shoulders.

A quiet groan is muffled against his mouth and then Michael suddenly pulls back. Dennis blindly follows, trying to find his mouth again - all he manages to catch is his jaw, gasping for the bristly feel of graying hairs against his kiss swollen lips. He opens his eyes, blinks hard as his vision has gone all smeary.

Michael is breathing hard, mouth closed, shoulders heaving. The look in his eyes would be terrifying in any other context - barely contained hunger that almost looks like rage with how intense it is.

"...I think we'll do fine." His voice is all grit and gravel.

Dennis swallows hard.

He is in *so much trouble.*

-

Michael leads them to a brownstone townhouse just a few blocks away from the bar, no more than a five minute walk. The air is electric with tension and neither of them say much of anything on the way. Dennis feels a squirm of nervousness and also odd pride. This extremely handsome, clearly well off guy is taking him home - him, Dennis Whitaker! A barely out of the closet baby gay from Nebraska!

Dennis Whitaker who, suddenly, wonders if the measly pair of condoms he's got in his wallet are even within expiration date any more - free samples he grabbed from a youth clinic back in college. So caught up in his sudden new source of anxiety, he almost misses it when Michael stops by his door to get his keys - walks a few paces before the man catches him by the neck and scoops him back to his

side and up the half step off of the curb.

On the way in, Dennis catches a glimpse of a surname on the letterbox - *Robinavitch*. It sparks as familiar in his brain, but the warm hand on the back of his neck has the tiny warning bells muted.

They get inside without further incident and Dennis takes a quick look around as he toes off his shoes and follows Michael inside. The house has a high ceiling and wainscoted walls with mahogany panels and maroon wallpaper. The living room is carpeted and soft under his sockclad feet - it muffles both of their footsteps to gentle thuds. The space is sparsely decorated, with a decadent three seater couch and a huge TV as the main focal point. There's a modest kitchen immediately to the right and to the left he can see a hallway leading further into the house with a few doors on either side - immediately, his mind wanders, wondering which one is the bedroom.

"Nice place." Dennis says, because it seems the appropriate thing to say when entering the living quarters of a stranger he is about to sleep with.

"Thanks." Michael says, like someone inviting a stranger into his home for a one night stand should to be polite.

Pleasantries out of the way, Michael quickly gets them back on track. He grabs him by the back of the neck and pulls him into another kiss. Slow, toe curling and Dennis lets out a breathless whimper of a noise for it. They swap kisses back and forth for a good long while, tangled together - Dennis with his arms woven around his neck, Michael's tight around his waist.

A long, hazy few minutes later, Michael pulls back with a drag of teeth against his wet lower lip to murmur right against his mouth, "You can shower first."

Completely pulled out of his fuzzy headspace, Dennis immediately snaps his eyes back open, tilting his head back to stare up at him in abject horror.

"Do- Do I smell?" He asks, voice sounding awfully small to his own ears. Again, his brain fills with staticky, panicked thoughts. The hospital soap isn't the best and he only gets the cheapest brand of deodorant and he hasn't been able to afford cologne for a *while*, so it isn't far fetched at all that he might.

Michael snorts quietly and the sound somehow immediately breaks

the doom spiral. “No, no. You’re great. Just thought you might want to, well. Wash a little more thoroughly.” He pauses, quirks a brow. Glances down and oh, just like that Dennis gets it. Even with his limited experience, he *has* read every suggestion out there on LGBTQ forums about gay sex.

“OH. Oh, yeah, uh…right. I…yes.” Dennis flounders and is thankfully rescued from further embarrassing stuttering as Michael leans down for another searing kiss. Left slightly breathless as they part, though a whole lot more coherent as he mumbles, “I’ll do that.”

“Good boy.” Michael murmurs and Dennis realises he might do a hell of a lot of stupid things to hear him say it again. They kiss again and Michael guides him backwards through the house until he’s got him pinned to a door by the hips. It’s becoming rapidly more difficult to think, the mood is sizzling and again Dennis finds himself whimpering when they part.

“Bathroom.” Michael informs him with a crease of his eyes, pats him on the butt and steps back so that Dennis can fumble behind himself for the doorknob. He has just inwardly congratulated himself for getting the door open and is just about to slip inside when Michael adds, “...and if you feel like being *extra* thorough, check under the sink.”

-

Checking under the sink has Dennis’ face flushing so hot it’s a near thing he tumbles over and brains himself on the stylish grey tile floors. The cabinet holds a number of sanitary items, most notably and most certainly the object suggested in question: Douches. It’s not that he hasn’t seen them before or anything, in the pharmacy and during his rotations. It’s just never been in relation to him and certain sexual escapades he is about to partake in.

Dennis decides to not think too hard and instead just act.

He takes the most *thorough* shower of his life. Turns it into a procedure, staring up into the ceiling and blinking away water droplets from the fancy showerhead as he does what needs doing. And once it is done, he allows his mind to wander again - to how nice the hot water is, how nice the smell of scented soap is (cedar and

something spicy that he definitely caught whiffs of earlier when in Michael's embrace). To what awaits him after the shower is done, thinking of those large hands on his butt earlier, where those fingers might be going, maybe even his *mouth* and oh damn, he really needs to chill or else he'll bust right here and that seems like a damn waste.

Dennis climbs out of the shower and dries himself with the nicest towel he has ever encountered in his life - thick and absorbing pretty much every trace of his shower in seconds. He's happily rubbing his hair when he is struck by a new thought, catching sight of the pile of clothes he left at the door.

Is he supposed to just - walk out naked? That seems - well, not presumptuous, it is very clear what is about to happen here. But even so it feels…rude to be walking through someone's house all bare. So he pulls on his underwear, spends thirty seconds with his t-shirt fisted awkwardly in his hand before resolutely pulling it over his head.

He's half a step out the door when he freezes, wondering what to do with his discarded jeans and flannel shirt still left in the bathroom. He shuffles, back, forth, sideways and then throws his hands in the air and decides that will be post-sex Dennis' problem to deal with.

There are four doors in the corridor, not counting the bathroom - one of them is slightly ajar. Dennis takes the silently offered guide and pads over to it, opening it fully. As expected, it's the bedroom - navy blue walls and dark carpet, it seems Michael likes a dark, cozy vibe for his home. Dennis glances over two very neat bookshelves and a cabinet tucked away into either corner of the room, before his eyes fall on the large bed between them dressed with grey sheets.

Michael is sitting on the edge of it, typing on his phone, glasses on. He glances up when the door opens and smiles, looks back down and finishes up what he was doing before standing up. "That took a while. I was starting to wonder if you'd drowned in there."

"You said to be thorough." Dennis shrugs, fiddling with the hem of his t-shirt. He quickly stops when Michael moves in close, brushing his fingers down his side.

"Glad to hear you take directions well." He winks. It should be ridiculous. It makes Dennis' cock twitch in his boxer briefs. "Give me a sec, I'll freshen up, too. Get comfortable." With a kiss to his temple, he slips past and out the room, leaving Dennis alone.

For a moment, all he can do is awkwardly hover in the middle of the

room. Then, he wanders over to the bookshelf. Somehow, he is too nervous to let his eyes catch on any of the book titles, just staring blankly at the thick backs of them before wandering over to the bed. He takes a seat on the foot end of it, plays idly with the soft fabric of the comforter. He hasn't seen one of those since he left home. Odd thing to realise.

He flops onto his back. Turns sideways, then sits back up.

Is this where he gets naked? Should he, like. Pose? Curl up invitingly, show off - well, there isn't much to show off honestly. None of the forums he's read mentioned *this part*.

Dennis shifts around restlessly for another five minutes. Wishes he'd brought his damn phone from his jacket to have something to do other than give himself an anxiety attack. Then, he nearly jumps out of his skin when the bedroom door opens again. And follows it up by nearly swallowing his own tongue for the sight that greets him.

Michael stands in the doorway, half naked and still steaming from the shower. His skin is still damp, water trickling down his chest - broad with a dark thatch of hair across his pecs that lighten down his thick torso and then darkens once more into a thick treasure trail that disappears beneath the towel he's tied low on his hips.

"You look good on my bed." Michael says and Dennis ducks his head with a faint chuckle, half choked by the way his heart is stuck in his throat. A large hand cups his jaw and coaxes him to lift his head again. His heart is beating way too hard, way too fast and Michael with his fingers right at his carotid seems to take note judging by the faint crease between his eyebrows. "...hey. If you're not up for this-"

"I am!" Dennis quickly shakes his head, reaches up and brushes his fingers against his stomach, nuzzling his flushed face further into his palm. It's calloused, he must be working with his hands a lot. "I am. I…I'm just nervous. In a good way. Promise."

Michael frowns down at him for another moment. Seeks his eyes for something. It seems like he finds it, because his face smoothes out and he nods. "Let me know if that changes, yeah?"

"Uh-huh. Will do." Dennis nods. Chances a smile that is probably a little wobbly.

"Great." Michael's lips curl into a tight lipped smile. Then, he gives his chest a firm shove. Unprepared, Dennis falls back with a surprised

noise in the back of his throat, scrambling up to his elbows just as the towel falls from Michael's hips with a decisive tug of his wrist.

…oh.

Dennis' thighs clench together.

Now, he's a med student. A *gay* med student. He has seen his fair share of dicks. None of them could have prepared him for this one.

Half hard, damp and *thick*, nestled in a dark nest of curls. Natural, not shaved to photographic perfection or adhering to restrictive beauty standards. And - there is no other way to say it - his cock is huge. It's - proportional, of course, but even so. *Huge*. Especially since it isn't even fully hard yet. Like some sort of Pavlovian dog, his mouth immediately waters.

"Oh, shit." He whispers.

"I'll take that as a compliment." Michael says - cocky, of course he is, obviously he has every damn reason to be. With an ease that makes Dennis wonder if he does it for a living, he grabs him by the armpits and hauls him higher up on the bed before climbing in over him. Helplessly, Dennis slumps back on the sheets and tilts his head back to give room for a kiss. Slow, exploratory and lava hot.

The first brush of his tongue has him gasping and parting his lips wider at once - but Michael takes his time. Kisses his lower lip, flicks his tongue against it, then does the same for the top one before slowly delving his tongue in past them. It's gut clenching in the same way a roller coaster is and Dennis heaves out a heavy breath as he tangles his tongue with Michael's. The taste of smoky liquor and something earthy lingers in his mouth, even as Michael pulls back to start pressing hot, wet kisses down his jaw. His hands slide up, full palm and cool fingertips, under his shirt and along his heaving flanks. They squeeze at his waist and Michael rumbles out a quiet noise of approval.

"Got more tone than I expected."

"Farm kid." Dennis breathlessly tells the ceiling, then lifts his arms obediently when his t-shirt gets pulled up and over his head. "I, uh, used to help out with…with the cows and stuff."

"Impressive." Michael leans back on his haunches between Dennis' spread legs. He drops the t-shirt off the side of the bed and looks him

over hungrily. Drags a large hand down his flushed chest until it catches on the waistband of his underwear. The other soon joins down south, cupping him through the fabric.

Dennis' whole body *jumps* and he lets out a quiet, "Shit-" as he feels his cock twitch - fully erect and needy under Michael's warm palm.

"Been a while?"

"Yeah…" Dennis whines out the word, curling his toes into the comforter as Michael carefully strokes him. Slow, gentle movements, not even wrapping his hand around it. The fabric clings to the head of his cock, comes away sticky on the next upstroke. He's leaking like a faucet and it's clear Michael can tell by the quiet chuckle he lets out.

"You close?"

Dennis' cheeks go very hot. "Sorry."

"Don't be sorry. How many times can you come in one night?"

Dennis coughs, caught off guard. "Jesus."

"Just making some decisions about what to do next. How many?"

Dennis squirms under the older man's heavy gaze. "I don't - twice, I think? Maybe three times?"

"We'll aim for three." Michael decides, voice low and authoritative. Swiftly, he drags down Dennis' underwear and tucks the waistband under his balls. Then, his hand wraps around his cock. The grip is firm. The first stroke is slightly dry, until he catches the slick from the tip and lets it ease the next tug up and down his shaft. The other hand moves to his chest, pressing down firmly where Dennis had just started to sit up in shock from the intense wave of pleasure. "Stay down. Relax. I've got you."

Fuck, does he *ever*.

It takes no more than ten firm strokes and a gentle rub of a thumb over his nipple before Dennis topples over the edge and comes. The orgasm is quick and sharp and barely takes the edge off - his cock doesn't even fully soften. He makes a mess all over Michael's hand - it's been a while, he hasn't had the time or energy to touch himself for weeks.

Afterwards, Dennis slumps into the mattress. Feels his heart hammering in his chest, his mouth wide open for loud pants of air. Lets the last tremors of the rushed orgasm go through him before lifting a hand to rub his sweat dewed brow with a moan, “Holy shit.”

“There we go.” Michael says, barely above a whisper. He leans over and to the side of Dennis, opening up a drawer in his bedside table. Pulls out a box of tissues and smartly wipes his fingers clean, before cupping Dennis’ face with the same hand. Dennis’ entire world becomes those dark eyes and the heated glow within them. “I’m going to ask you another question. Do you want me to fuck you, Dennis?” He punctuates the question with a slow roll of his hips against him and Dennis’ breath hitches.

“Yeah. Yes. Uh…please?”

“Have you done it before?”

“…I mean…to myself?” Dennis admits. His hands paw restlessly at the sheets above his head. “With my fingers. A few times.”

“Fuck.” Michael lifts his gaze to the ceiling. Seems to be taking a few slow, deep breaths.

“What?”

“I might go to hell for how fucking much I like that idea.”

“…I think we’re way past that point if I’ve got my scripture right.” Dennis says breathlessly. Something in his chest eases as the older man laughs, bright and loud in the space between them. Still chuckling, Michael looks back down at him. Slowly, as if taking care not to spook him, he lowers himself down on an elbow above him and brushes a kiss to his brow.

“I’ll take care of you. And if you want to stop-”

“I don’t want to stop.” Dennis cuts him off, then blinks as Michael presses a kiss between his eyes, takes his free hand and curls two fingers past his lips.

“As I was saying. If you want to stop, there’ll be no hard feelings.” Michael brushes their noses together, leans up higher on his elbow and quirks a brow. “Got it?”

Shivering, Dennis wriggles his tongue between his fingers and drags

them deeper, sucking hard. He nods.

“Fuck.” Michael murmurs, thumb stroking underneath Dennis’ lower lip. Thrusts his fingers in just a tiny bit deeper. “You’re going to get me sidetracked if you keep that up, baby.”

The endearment has Dennis’ eyes widening and his tongue falters for a second. It doesn’t go unnoticed.

“Good to know” Michael’s got a chuckle wrapped around the words, dragging his fingers back out of Dennis’ mouth, smearing saliva across his lightly parted lips. Taps them once, then shifts to lean over Dennis again to get to his nightstand. This time, he opens a different drawer and rummages around for a bit. Stretched out over him, just an arm’s length away - every muscle taut from holding up his own weight and moving around.

The view is incredible and Dennis can’t resist reaching out to touch. Brushing his fingers against his thick, hairy thighs, then up to his waist and chest, then back down to his hips. There, he lets them slide inwards and wrap around Michael’s cock, stroking it from root to tip. He inwardly cheers when he feels it twitch and harden just a tiny bit more and he hears Michael bite off a swear above him.

“Handsy.” Michael chastises him playfully as he settles back on his knees, spreading Dennis’ legs a little wider.

“You’re hot, sue me.” Dennis does a very bad job of biting back a grin as he spots a pair of red stains high on Michael’s cheeks. The expression is quickly replaced with surprise when he finds his hips lifted by one large hand and a pillow shoved in under them a moment later. It’s soft, but firm at the same time - some kind of fancy memory foam stuff.

“Rile me up more, see what happens.” Michael warns and Dennis’ lower stomach nearly *cramps* with desire. There’s a plastic pop of a cap being opened, followed by a wet sound of slick being poured and spread over skin. By sense memory, Dennis’ legs fall open just a little more.

“Don’t threaten me with a good *time, oh-”* Dennis gasps sharply as a finger slips into him - cool with lube, rapidly heating up to body temperature within him. “O-Oh, fuck…”

Michael comes down, resting on his forearm next to Dennis’ face. He kisses his brow, his cheek, finally his slack, open mouth. “Good?” He

asks, quietly.

Dennis pushes down against his hand, moaning as he takes the thick, blunt finger in deeper. He can only manage a nod in response, chewing his lower lip as he rocks down on Michael's hand. It's a lot different than his own fingers - not knowing which way it will curl, the angle is mirrored and foreign and *exciting*. Not to mention that Michael's fingers are thicker than his own, so when the second one comes and scissors him open it *burns* in a way Dennis never knew could be arousing. Every thrust is sure, firm and drives him absolutely up the wall. Especially when Michael changes the angle and curls his fingers just *so* and absolutely nails his prostate head on.

"Fuck-!" Dennis hands drag down Michael's back, digging his nails in for a moment - when did he even grab a hold of him? Doesn't matter.

"Right there?"

"Yeah, yeah, right there, please, again-nnnh-!" Dennis keens when Michael does as he's bid, curling his fingers and pressing against that sweet spot again. He can't believe he found it that fast - even with an anatomy book it had taken Dennis several shameful fumbling tries to get at it.

It's not long before Dennis is begging for a third finger with a low and restless chant of, "Please, another, please, more, *Michael-*" . Thankfully, Michael doesn't withhold - he does pull his fingers out to add more lube, but doesn't hesitate to push the third in almost immediately. It's a wider stretch than he's had before, but it's good. Like scratching an itch he could never possibly reach himself. Dennis presses down into each thrust and twist of Michael's wrist, reduced to panting and whines as the pleasure keeps rising and rising and cresting and-

Michael pulls his fingers out and Dennis makes a sound like he's *dying.*

"Shh." Michael shushes him, right at his ear, nipping it sharply before soothing it with his tongue. "I know you were close. But the next time you come, it'll be on my cock. Okay?"

"Okay," Dennis nearly sobs the word out, pressing the heels of his hands to his eyes, shuddering as he blindly listens to Michael tearing open a condom packet. "Okay, whatever you say, just please don't stop, I want - I want you to-"

“Hey, hey, calm down.” A warm hand drops to his chest - another tugs gently at his wrists until he lowers his hands away from his face. Michael waits until he opens his eyes again, the expression on his face gentle. “It’s your first time doing this. We’re not going to rush. I need you to pay attention to this next part.”

“Okay.” Dennis whispers again. His tongue feels a little too big for his mouth and he runs across the back of his teeth to try to get rid of the feeling. He watches as Michael’s hands withdraw to pick the opened condom wrapper back up to finish the job. Working the latex down his cock with a quiet hiss - and oh, this is the first time Dennis has seen it fully hard he realises. Wonders if he’s been too passive, if - if he should have done more for Michael during all of this. Then again, the man hasn’t complained or anything, so…maybe it is alright. Next time, maybe.

Next time?

Before he can overthink that particular idle thought, Michael settles in properly between his thighs. The tip of his cock brushes against his perineum. His hands return, stroking slowly up and down the lightly quivering muscles of his legs. “Here’s what I want you to do, Dennis.” He says and Dennis is immediately hanging on to his every word. “Take a deep breath. When you breathe out, I’ll start pushing in. And when I do, I want you to just keep breathing out and bear down on me. Okay?” The instruction falls so naturally from his lips, it sort of reminds Dennis of Doctor Monroe talking him through a lumbar puncture the previous day. Clear, practical instructions. Step by step. Impossible to get wrong - unless one forgets and fucks up and ohGOD what if he fucks up and Michael gets annoyed and throws him out and he never gets to do this again and never gets to know what it’s like and-

“Dennis?” Michael’s voice brings him right out of the spiral again and he blinks away the haze from his eyes, does his best to focus on him. “Still with me?”

“O-Oh, yeah, yes, sorry.” Dennis quickly squeezes his hands into the bed to ground himself, nodding. “Got it.”

“Read it back to me.”

“Deep breath. You…push in on the exhale. Bear down.” Dennis repeats dutifully and preens when Michael leans down to kiss him. His eagerness returns tenfold feeling his smile against his lips.

“Good boy.” He murmurs, right there against his mouth. Dennis melts into the sheets. “Okay. Deep breath, go on.”

Dennis breathes in, deep as he can. Flicks his gaze up to Michael’s and then starts to exhale.

The first attempt is a no go. The unfamiliar, thick pressure on his hole makes Dennis tense up. The thick, latex covered head of Michael’s cock pushes but just can’t get past the slick outer ring of muscles. It doesn’t seem to deter him in the slightest - he simply squeezes on Dennis’ thigh and murmurs, “Another breath, you’ve got this. We’ve got all night.” A kind lie, but it does help Dennis relax a little more.

On the next go, the head breaches him and slips in and Dennis’ breath catches mid-exhale as the feeling completely overwhelms him. The thick hardness of Michael’s cock, the way his insides clamp down on it, the flexing muscles clearly unsure whether or not it belongs up there. He thinks he might be hyperventilating, breaths coming sharp and quick and high up in his chest.

“Fuck, you’re tight, baby.” Michael curses and he sounds just as breathless as Dennis feels. Somehow, that *really* helps. His hand leaves the base of his cock, comes to stroke up and down Dennis’ heaving chest. “Shhh, slower, slow down…just breathe. Squeeze down. Does it hurt?”

“Kinda?” Dennis grits out. It’s not quite pain - pressure, a stretch, muscles shifting in a way he isn’t used to. But he is quick to reach out and grab a hold of Michael’s hip as he seems to try to draw out, “Don’t - I…I’m good, I…I just…need a minute.”

“You have all the time you need.” Michael continues touching him, grounding, firm caresses of his palms along every line of muscle he can reach. Sweat is pooling between his brows, the hollows at his collarbones. Dennis can’t help staring at them. Breathing through his nose.

“More?” Michael asks after a few moments. After a jerky nod, he runs his hand up Dennis’ chest, murmuring, “In…” and then, dragging his hand down, nails drawing faint red lines down the pale skin, “...and out…” And as Dennis breathes out, he pushes further in. It’s easier this time - bearing down, drawing the other man deeper into himself. Dennis tucks his chin against his chest, groans for the additional stretch.

When Michael stops again, Dennis shudders and lets his head fall back

on the pillows. His hands go up and dig into his own hair - the short curls are soaked in sweat. “Is that it?” He whispers, voice tremulous and shaken to his own ears.

“Not quite. Got a few more inches to go.”

“Holy shit, how?”

“Just how God made me.” Michael says, tone dry. The way his lips twitch give away his amusement, though. He shifts his grip on Dennis’ body - hooks an arm under one of his legs, the other clenching into his hip. “You’re taking it beautifully. One more breath, there’s a good boy…”

At the end of the third exhale, Dennis’ voice chokes off into a whimper as Michael finally bottoms out. Hips pressed flush to his buttocks, grinding as if he is trying futilely to push even further in.

“That’s all of it, baby. All the way in. How does that feel?”

It feels *insane.* The stretch, the heavy weight and heat of it. Dennis feels dizzy, gasping for breath - he feels like he can’t take a full one, like he’s so full of cock that it’s keeping his lungs from expanding.

“Dennis?”

“Full.” Dennis finally manages to gasp out. He squirms, arches the small of his back against the pillow - shuddering as it causes a shift inside and a zing up his spine. “U-Uh…fuck. Good. Deep…holy shit…”

“You’ll get used to it.” Michael soothes, lifting his leg just a bit higher to press a kiss to the inside of his knee. Graces the sensitive skin there with his teeth, then shifts to a more comfortable position. Then, he starts to move. Gives Dennis two languid rolls of his hips, slow, experimental.

Dennis immediately digs both hands into the sheets and lets out a noise that wouldn’t be out of place from a goat pen. An embarrassing, sharp *bleat* of a noise that has him flushing a burgundy red and turning his face to hide it against a pillow.

“Ah-ah-ah…” Strong, gentle fingers come and grab a hold of his chin. They guide his face away from the pillowy sanctuary, until he is facing Michael again. The look on his face is smug, pleased, *dark* like in that alleyway again. “None of that. Let me see your pretty face.”

“Holy shit, what the fuck.” Dennis whispers out like one shocked word, in one shaky breath and then Michael presses his thumb against his lips and he is helpless to do anything but take it inside and let the man do whatever he likes.

Michael fucks him gently for another few minutes - methodical, careful pulls and pushes, pausing to add more lube twice. Then, when each slide comes easy as breathing, he grabs a hold of Dennis’ hips with both hands, lifts them and drives in *hard* and Dennis swears he sees stars, breath punched out of him in a sharp moan.

After that, it’s relentless. Michael holds him there and fucks in, again and again, right against that sensitive bundle of nerves - hitting and skating past it deep. Dennis’ hands find themselves tangled in the sheets, half pulling the fabric off of the mattress, breath punched out of him in staccato gasps. The world melts away, becomes all about that coiling, growing heat in his lower belly, the constant firecrackers going off behind his eyes and holy fuck he’s-

“I-I’m gonna-” He manages to stutter out, tries to twist away. It’s too intense, he’s - it’s never felt quite like this, he isn’t sure he *can* but it sure feels like it and fuck it’ll end too soon.

“Go on.” Michael’s voice has gone all gravelly again and his eyes are narrowed like slits and completely laser focused on his face. “Let me feel it.”

And Dennis does. Spine curling and with a scream dying on his lips he comes - cock untouched and angry red spilling all over his flexing stomach. It feels like it goes on forever, dragged on by Michael continuing to fuck him through it, grinding against his prostate until Dennis sobs and swats at his arm. Only then does he stop - panting heavily, still buried inside, waiting for Dennis to stop shaking.

What might have been hours later, Dennis slowly lands back in his body. Feels himself - how he’s shivering from all the sweat cooling on his body, cum sticky and lukewarm on his belly. Wet with lube between his cheeks and-

And Michael is still hard. Still stretching him wide open, still lodged fully inside.

“That looked intense.” Michael hums. He’s rubbing gentle circles with his thumbs against his hipbones.

“Yeah…” Dennis whispers, gaze flicking up to those dark brown eyes,

then away. “You, um…you didn’t…”

“No.” Michael confirms, smiling. Curls down over him to brush a light kiss to his chest. “Take a beat. We’ll keep going.”

Dennis’ brain goes blank. “...huh?”

“I asked how many you could do, Dennis. We agreed on three, remember?” The smile rapidly becomes less gentle. Sharp and predatory. Hands squeezing on his hips, sliding up to grab a hold of his waist instead. Without warning, he rolls his hips forward - not hard, but firmly enough that it has Dennis’ whole body jolting with oversensitivity.

“Oh, *fuck,* I can’t-”

“Yes, you can.” Michael tells him silkily. It’s not a very kind tone. “You will.”

The thought strikes Dennis Whitaker again - he is in *so much trouble*.

-

It takes some coaxing and Michael pulling out to give him a few moments to breathe, but they get back to it. Michael turns him over to his front for the next round, pillow shoved under his hips this time - the previous towel folded over it twice, soft and cool against his half hard cock. Dennis grabs another pillow to hug to his chest, flushed hot cheek pressed against a third as Michael arranges him to his liking. Legs spread wide and rump high.

“You’re a sight like this.” Michael praises, voice low. Dennis can hear him stroking himself - covering himself with more lube. It’s mortifying to be so on display, flooding him with hot shame low in his belly.

It’s also really fucking good, so he doesn’t voice any complaints as Michael spreads his cheeks with a sticky hand and moves closer. Dennis moans wretchedly as the thick head of his cock slips into him again. It’s slow, steady and Michael keeps going until he is buried to the hilt. His arms clench hard on the pillow beneath him and he pushes his hips back shakily. Almost topples off to the side when there is an intense flare of pleasure rushing up his spine. “Ohh fuck, I really

don't know if I can-"

"We'll go slow." Michael strokes his hands up his sweaty, quivering spine. Then down his sides until they settle on his waist - clenching in and accentuating the curve between his ribs and hips.

They do. Michael fucks him slow and deep - barely pulls out more than two inches each time, pushing all the way in and grinding almost sweetly into him once fully seated. Like a damn metronome, perfectly rhythmed.

Then, Michael shifts the angle and pushes his cock right into Dennis' prostate. The noise he makes is warbled and he quickly turns his face to bury it in the pillow so he can muffle the keening. The hands on his waist clench down and yank him up and back - he can feel the tension in Michael's hip, a minute tremor.

"Fuck, sweetheart, you feel so good." Michael sounds a little rough, an octave higher than before. A crack in the armor.

Hopeful for his own sanity, Dennis lifts his head, gasps; "Are you close?" His voice is wet and more of a whine than anything else. He feels like the first time he accidentally touched a live cattle prod. Shaking, hollowed out and sprawled out dazed in the grass.

Michael gives a throaty little hum. "Mm. Not yet. It'll take me a bit, baby."

"Fu-*uck*." Dennis sobs and lets his head flop face first into the pillows again in defeat - groans when Michael starts moving a fraction faster, "'mgonnadie."

"Cute." The single word has his ears flushing a bright red.

It goes on *forever*. Michael fucks him like he has an engine between his legs, tireless. For a while, Dennis' breath hitches and he flinches for each thrust. Then, it gets better. The oversensitive, electric feeling starts to abate and leaves behind a more comfortable, red hot syrupy pleasure. Delicious little cramps of delight that has his thighs clenching every now and then and his voice getting breathier. Time melts into nothing and all Dennis can do is *take it.* Lost in a world of his own, dark and suffocating with his face smashed in between full bodied pillows. The next time Michael drives into his prostate, Dennis feels his cock jerk and bites a whimper into the pillows, thighs flexing. Impossibly, he thinks he might be close to coming again.

Michael's hand grabs a hold of his short hair and lifts his face up. The air feels shockingly cool against his flushed hot face. Frantically, he sucks in a few good breaths; raspy, needy sounding things.

"Still with me?" Warm lips trail the back of his shoulder. The bristles of Michael's beard has his nerves singing and Dennis can feel goose bumps rising all over his skin. The hand in his hair slides down to rather cup his jaw, keeping his face in the open.

"Uh-huh." Is all the coherency Dennis can muster. He shivers as Michael nuzzles into the side of his neck.

"You close again?" That, Dennis can only answer with a choked whimper and a jerky nod. "Good. Me too." A surge of maddening desire rushes through him for that admission and he can feel his entire body clench with anticipation - seems Michael can too by the quiet groan he rumbles out right at his ear. "So fucking- get a hand on yourself, go on."

It's like moving through treacle - slow and sticky. But somehow, Dennis manages to squirm a hand in under himself, pinning his arm under his torso as he wraps his fingers around his cock. It's hot enough to burn, the skin soaked with cum and sweat and his breath hitches into a hiccup. With what little leverage he's got, he strokes himself - quick stripes focused mostly on the sticky head. Suddenly, he is desperate to come again, straining for it.

Behind him, Michael has straightened again. His hands are like iron shackles on his hips and his movements are sharp and hard and far more selfish than before. A race to the finish line. His breath comes in loud bursts - it almost sounds painful. And then he grunts, shoves in, *in* and shudders over and over again. There's a pulsing, followed by heat through latex and *oh* it is with the knowledge the man just finished inside of him that sends Dennis into his third climax of the night.

It's intense, aches through his body like a bruise. The muscles in his stomach clench and release in time with the feeble spurts of cum soaking his palm. Everything feels flushed and by the end he is exhausted. Dennis groans weakly as he slumps into the bed - panting open mouthed into the already saliva-and-sweat soaked pillows under his cheek. Slightly shaky hands rub up and down the outsides of his quivering thighs. It's nice and grounding and he lets himself close his eyes for a moment to just enjoy it.

Eventually, Michael eases his softening cock out of him with a hiss. Helps him lower his hips down fully onto the bed until he is sprawled fully on his front. His thighs and backside tingle as the muscles are finally allowed to fully relax and Dennis moans in relief. A kiss is pressed to his spine, then a second one.

“I’m going to grab a towel.”

Dennis hums an affirmative noise. Or at least he hopes so. In either case he hears quiet footsteps leave and return. Then, he jumps as a lukewarm, wet towel is dragged across and between his buttcheeks.

“Shh. Just cleaning you up.” Michael murmurs and once he is done with the back, he flips Dennis over with shocking ease and does the same for his front. It should be a little embarrassing, but Dennis is far too high on dopamine to feel anything but fantastic. Once he is cleaned up, Michael leaves and disposes of the towel, returning to sit on the edge of the bed. A smile curls his lips as he strokes languid lines up and down Dennis’ chest. “How are you feeling?”

Dennis takes a moment to assess and frankly to get his tongue to start working again to form words. “…fucked.” He finally manages and grins dopily when Michael laughs. “Uh, good. Real good.”

“Sore?”

“Not really.”

“Good.” Michael’s hand has moved to start stroking his hair instead. It’s nice and soothing and he closes his eyes. Blindly reaches out and drops a cool hand on his thigh where it sits warm and solid so close to his cheek.

“…feeling less frustrated?” Dennis asks after a long moment of comfortable silence.

Michael snorts. “Definately. Mission accomplished.”

“Nice.” Dennis grins dazedly. Another few moments pass where they just trade gentle touches and share in the afterglow of a really good orgasm (or three).

Then, Michael says, “I’m going to sound like a real asshole here in a minute.”

“Hm?” Dennis blinks his eyes back open.

Michael looks sheepish, rubbing the back of his neck. “I’ve got a really early morning at work and, well-”

“You need me to leave.” Dennis quickly sits up - a little too quickly, his head spins a moment. “Oh, woah…yeah, no, I get it. That’s fine, I’ve got to get home and I’ve got an early morning, too.” It’s a little disappointing, but - it’s not like he expected to sleep over or breakfast in bed or anything. And it *is* true he’s got an early start - his rotation in the ED starts at seven AM sharp. “I’ll get going.”

“Have a shower with me first.”

Well, Dennis certainly isn’t going to say no to that.

-

They share a long, warm shower and spend a little too long kissing and touching languidly under the spray for two people with an early morning ahead of them. Dennis is pleasantly surprised when Michael lets him wash his hair and returns the favor. It’s…nice. Domestic. Gives him a glimpse of…of something he might have in the future some day. He feels like he is glowing by the time they step out.

At the door, Michael slips a fifty dollar bill into his hand. As Dennis looks down at it he must look as confusedly offended as he feels, because Michael groans, “Fuck, no, it’s - for an Uber. Or a cab. Just so you get home safe, Jesus.”

“Maybe lead with that.” Dennis huffs, but he’s smiling as he pockets it and leans up for a kiss. Awkwardly weighing on his heels once he’s back on them. “...so, uh. Good night. Have a good day at work and… thanks. For everything.”

“Likewise.” Michael presses a kiss to his temple and opens the door. They both wince for the cold rush of air that meets them. Dennis slips out, hears the door shut behind him and just like that his very first proper one night stand is over. All in all, it’s been a really good experience - he’s tired, but feels warm and like he’ll never stop smiling. He’s also fifty dollars richer since he doesn’t bother with a cab - it is barely a ten minute walk from Michael’s apartment back to PTMH.

It's only once he's got himself tucked in under the hospital blankets and is drifting off to sleep that Dennis realises he never asked for Michael's number. But, well…that was not really what this thing was. So there's no need for the vague disappointment in his chest. It's probably for the best anyhow. And besides, if it was meant to be something else he is sure they will run into each other again sometime.

After all, Dennis knows his favorite bar.

Satisfied with that thought, Dennis finally falls into black, dreamless slumber and gets a solid six hours of good sleep before his shift starts.

-

Doctor McKay shows Dennis and his fellow rotation mates around before rounds. She seems nice, friendly. Exhausted, too, but well - that's just how life is as a medical professional. He hasn't got much of a read on the other two yet - on first impression Javadi seems shy and Santos seems…less nice than McKay and he will leave it at that for now.

They enter the ED proper and McKay leads them to the nurses' station where they are supposed to meet their attending and the rest of the department before their first shift officially starts.

"As you can see, we have some new faces this morning. Good morning, good morning, come on over." A male voice travels down the corridor, gentle and coaxing, welcoming.

Also, very familiar. As are the warm brown eyes and broad shoulders and tight lipped expression as his new attending turns away for a moment to introduce their second year resident.

"Oh shit." Dennis whispers to himself.

"What?" Santos whispers back, giving him a curious glance.

"Nothing." He says, quickly. Tries to will his heart to stop pounding as Doctor Michael Robinavitch, who also goes by the nickname Robby, turns back towards them after Melissa King's sunny if awkward greeting. For the briefest moment, Michael - no, Doctor Robinavitch

looks right at him - seems to take the smallest of double takes as he gives him a few extra seconds of attention before moving on down the line. Dennis stands frozen as the other med students introduce themselves.

“Trinity Santos, Intern.”

“Victoria Javadi, MS3.” Everyone looks expectantly at him.

For a heartbeat too long, Dennis can only stand rooted to the spot, eyes wide. Thankfully, he gets his introduction out. “Uhh, Dennis Whitaker. MS…4.”

His gaze flits between the floor, the central front desk, the other doctors and everything else he can look at that isn’t directly at Michael - NOPE, his attending. He drags a nail across the nailbed on the opposite hand, fiddling with his fingertips and desperately tries to avoid direct eye contact.

“Welcome to the Pitt.” Doctor Robby, Dennis’ older gentleman one night stand who fucks like a greek God and *apparently his boss for the next few weeks,* says. His eyes are staring holes through Dennis.

And for the third time in twenty four hours, Dennis Whitaker has the very humbling thought of:

“I am in so much fucking trouble.”

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! <3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!